

*The Chronicle History*

*Enter the Herald.*

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not  
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

*Her.* I come great King for charitable fauour,  
To sort our Nobles from our common men,  
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,  
Which in the fielde lye spoiled and troden on:

*Kin.* I tell thee truly Herald,  
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:  
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.

*Her.* The day is yours.

*Kin.* Praised be God therefore:

What Castle call you that?

*Her.* We call it Agincourt.

*Kin.* Then call we this the fielde of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin, Crispianus.

*Flew.* Your Grandfather of famous memory,  
If your Grace be remembred,  
Is do good seruice in France:

*King.* Tis true *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* Your Maiesty sayes very true.

And it please your Maiesty,  
The Welshmen there was do good seruice,  
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,  
And I thinke your Maiesty will take no scorne,  
To weare a Lecke in your cap vpon S. Davies day.

*King.* No *Flewellen*, for I am Welsh as well as you.

*Flew.* All the water in Wye will not wash your welch  
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preserue it,  
To his graces will and pleasure.

*King.* Thankes good Countrey-man.

*Flew.* By Iesu I am your Maiesties Countryman, (man.  
I care not who kno it, so long as your maiesty is an honest

*King.* God keepe me so. Our Herald go with him,  
And bring vs the number of the scattered French,

*Exit Herald*

Call

*of Henry the*

Call yonder souldier hither.

*Flew.* You fellow, come to the

*Kin.* Fellow, why dost thou we

*Soul.* And please your maiesty  
gard with me the other day: and  
which if euer I see, I haue sworne  
the like to mee.

*Kin.* How thinke you *Flewellen*  
Oath?

*Fl.* And it please your Maiesty ti  
If he be periur'd once, he is as arr  
treads vpon too blacke shoos.

*King.* His enemy may be a Gent

*Flew.* And if he be as good a G  
Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe  
Tis meete he keepe his vow.

*King.* Well firrha keepe your w  
Vnder what Captaine seruest tho

*Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is a good  
And hath good litterature in the

*Kin.* Go call him hither.

*Soul.* I will my Lord.

*Exit souldier*

*Kin.* Captaine *Flewellen*, whe  
Were downe together, I tooke t  
Heere *Flewellen* weare it.

If any challenge it, he is a friend  
And an enemy to me.

*Flew.* Your Maiesty doth me as  
As can be desired in the hearts of  
I would see that man now that w  
And it please God of his grace I  
That is all.]

*King.* *Flewellen* knowst thou C

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is my fi

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